

Youth Workshop in Israel

sponsored by HABONIM, LABOR ZIONIST YOUTH
in cooperation with the HISTADRUT
and the JEWISH AGENCY in Israel

Suite 1301
45 East 17 Street
New York 3, N. Y.
GRamercy 7-5663

N E W S L E T T E R

Third Workshop, #2

December 1, 1953

ARRIVAL IN ISRAEL

October 11, 1953

The time right now is about 3:50 in the morning and we're approaching Israel. Let me, if you may, share my feelings with you.

I am standing in the most forward part of the ship and staring into space. You stare far into the fog that is directly in front of you and you begin to think, and all at once everything has meaning, everything is a symbol. The fog represents a curtain, a black curtain and when it is lifted the stage, the play, the scenery, will be shown to you.

You stare and stare and then when you finally see a light, like a spark, you think your eyes are deceiving you. "But these are no tricks" you tell yourself. These are the lights of Haifa. And now what role does this spark of light play? And your answer is this. This light, this spark, is like a spark of hope that shows itself amid the black surrounds. The stars that are in the skies have lost all their brightness, all their color, the moment that light showed itself to me. The ship moves ever so slow, in the direction of Israel and you smile. I'm going to Israel on the Artzah and all you can say and think is that it is very appropriately named.

By this time the silence is broken by silently hummed songs by fellow members of the boat who have also come to see Haifa and Israel for the first time. But amidst these familiar melodies are sobs. I can't cry, though I would like to, I think. These sobs, you turn around to look, are from a young woman, and in the dark, she looked like you, mom.

From a letter of Tzvi Hecker (Geva) to his parents in New York

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October 12, 1953

You asked me how I felt when I arrived in the port - well, I'll admit something to you. I cried! After two weeks of travelling I finally came to where I was going. All of a sudden they began to play the Palmach song and I became very excited. Chills ran up and down my spine and I began to cry. We stayed up all night to see the Har-HaCarmel

describe its beauty. When we entered the city, I felt as if I were finally coming home. Then when we were going up to the Galil I was astounded at the beautiful country around me. I've heard loads and loads about the country but none of it compares with what I myself saw. The road which slopes passes by the Kinneret. We really could not see it closely but what we did see was extremely magnificent.

From a letter of Fran Rozansky (Kfar Blum) to her parents in
New York

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GEVA AND KFAR BLUM

November 6, 1953

By now I've slightly settled down in Geva and I can even talk to a person, without my hands gesticulating in the air, doing half the explaining.

The kids (Israelis) are nice and it's surprising how mature they are for their age. There's something striking about the independence of Israel's youth. There's something here called the Scouts (Tzofim), and at about the age of seventeen, the boys and girls, leave their parents and go with the Scouts to an older Kibbutz where they learn how to work and learn about the Kibbutz structure, and then when they are prepared, proceed to create their own settlements. Can you imagine anything like that in America? Here it is realized that youth have lives of their own.

The one thing that really disappointed me here at Geva is that there's no Art Museum. But I've learned that within a fifteen minute walk to Ein Charod, there is a real museum, with rooms of paintings - modern and otherwise. They're going to see me pretty often over there.

The celebration of Erev Shabbat (evening of Sabbath) is really beautiful. There's a fine pianist who plays softly as the psalms or a poem is recited, and, after that, everyone sings. Then the ~~male~~alah (chorus) sings, and the rikud (dance) group dance to the accompaniment of a a chalil (flute), and a girl who has a voice like Shoshana Damari sings. After supper there is dancing in which we and the Israelis participate. Erev Shabbat is something wonderful to look forward to.

From a letter of Esther Brandwein (Geva) to a friend in New York

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October 17, 1953

It's been three days since I have been working in the orchard and I like it very much. Today we finished wrapping the trees and began spreading rat poison which consists of little red grains. It's fun. We also get rides to and from work either on the side of the tractor or the wagon.

My Hebrew classes have begun and I am in the Intermediate.

I need to learn to write, read, and grammar.
My teacher is very good and she makes the class very interesting.

I just have to describe how beautiful the scenery is here. We are in a valley surrounded by mountains. I just have to look out of my windows to see Mt. Hermon with lovely clouds towering over it, or out in the green fields surrounded by apple trees on one side and grapevines on the other and corn in the background. The kibbutz also is very nice. There are flowers all around, especially roses.

I've met so many people such as the kids from the Aliyat Noar from Morrocco who are so anxious to become friends or the people on the kibbutz who are also ready to help and just in general, - I like it.

From a letter of Leah Pollack (Kfar Blum) to her parents in Chicago

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November 11, 1953

This evening we had a party for four girls who have had their birthdays these past few days. Schmuleck the baker made cakes. We had a "scrip" which we cashed in. The old Vaad Kupa put on a skit which I think was very, very good, telling (parody style) the woes of the past reign. I made decorations. Something about the party we didn't expect was the "aliya" group from a neighboring kibbutz. After the party, many people gathered in our room. We stayed up till 2:30 A. M.

From a letter of Annabelle Simon (Kfar Blum)

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WORK AND STUDY

October 17, 1953

I woke up this morning at 5:30 and got to the Chadar Ochel (dining room) at six. I went with my girlfriend Hadassah from Buffalo to work in the orchards. Now there isn't any more fruit on the trees (apples of all varieties) so all we did was tie an insulating paper around each tree to protect it against the sun. Together we tied up 260 trees about. This includes also the cutting of rope to tie them with. My day ran like this today. After waking up and having a snack I went to work till 8:00, then I had breakfast out in the house near the fields and then back to work until 12:00. At 12 we got a ride in a wagon to the chadar ochel for lunch. After lunch, being covered with dust, I decided to take a shower and then I went to Hebrew class. After class, I washed some dirty clothes and cleaned up the room a little. When we finished supper we went to the moadon and with some of the kids around the meshek, we danced and sang and had lots of fun.

...It's Tuesday now, just a little before supper. I just came back from a volleyball game where the Habonim kids just beat the Nachal (army) group who are stationed across the road.

From a letter of Leah Pollack (Kfar Blum)

...I'm in the advanced Hebrew class here. I don't know how I got into the advanced class because people who have taken Hebrew for nine years are in the same class and know much more, of course, than I do. But I'm quite willing to stay in class and try, because I think if it's a little harder, then I'll work more and learn more also. Right now, we're working in the onion garden for the time being, - it's very hard because we're not used to all this hard work yet, but it's also nice because it gives us a chance to work outside.

Saturday we went on a hike to "Mayan Harod". It was a lovely spot with cool, clear, fresh running spring water. We walked to a "moshav" (village) nearby, and looked around. Then we walked to a mountain - (a smaller one) and climbed it. Although I call it a mountain, it was actually a large hill. But it was very hard for us to climb because there was no path to follow. We had never climbed before, and we were wearing our high shoes for the first time. We came home a little bit tired but very well pleased with our hike.

All around us here the scenery is so beautiful. In fact all of Israel is beautiful. Here when you look out of the window of my room, you see mountains that are beautiful colors, and lovely trees. In front, to one side, there is a row of very tall pine trees and directly behind them is a grove of grapefruit trees. When they ripen, we'll be able to eat them, but right now, they're still green. The weather here is still quite warm. We are still wearing shorts and going around in sandals without socks. It is a little cooler at night and then we have to put on long pants.

The weather has been so nice as I said before, that I have quite a tan and look real dark. I forgot to tell you that when we were at the park on Saturday, there was also a group of kids from another kibbutz called Ein Harod. They were there on what we call "tzofiut" (scouting). That means learning how to climb trees, shimmy down ropes, etc. Anyway they asked us where we were from, and we said, "America." They believed everyone else, but they told me that I wasn't an American, - that I was a sabra. They wouldn't believe that I was from America, too.

It is so nice to feel at home in a place and that is exactly how I feel here. People are so friendly here, - it seems as if they also know that we're all Jews here and therefore have something in common. It's also nice to see Hebrew spoken all around you and on signs. It makes me feel as if this really is the place for Jews.

From a letter of Isolde Rubel (Geva) to her parents in Detroit

.....My Hebrew is constantly progressing. I don't think I mentioned to you though that in class we are studying the Book of Judges which so far has not been too difficult. Something else that I forgot to tell you. In Yidiat Haaretz (geography) when we were studying about Upper Galilee, Pinchus, our madrich, would go to the window and say, - "Tel Chai, over there," or "Metula, on that hill," and so for any number of places, - Kfar Giladi, Mayan Baruch and Menara. Now, whenever he speaks of any place, we ask him if we can see it from the window and very often we can.

From a letter of Debby Kallan (Kfar Blum) to her parents in New York

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TOURS AND HIKES

Here Hadassah Knobler (Kfar Blum) describes Kfar Giladi, a kibbutz to the North of Kfar Blum in a letter to her parents in New York.

The Chadar Ochel is very very large and made with glass doors and windows so that it is very light. They have fluorescent fixtures. Their mitbach (kitchen) is very large and modern. Every Kibbutz usually after it is a little bit established is building new housing. The newest and best is called Shikun Vatikim (housing for the older people), - in other words, the system of housing goes according to seniority in the kibbutz. In Kfar Giladi, they have two to three storied houses which contain two rooms and a bath-room. The kibbutz provides most of the furniture, but the individual can decorate it as he wishes with any gifts he might receive or the little cash he gets to go on a chofesh (vacation).

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In a letter to her parents in New York, Annabelle Simon describes a tour of the Jordan Valley that she took with the others from the Kfar Blum group.

We finally had our mesibah (celebration). The choir sung four Israeli songs and one spiritual (with me conducting). They danced three Israeli dances. There were two speeches given by people in our group. Everything went over quite well. Afterwards we had refreshments - peanuts from our peanut crop and cookies.

This past Shabbath we went on a truck hike in Emek Har Yarden or Jordan Valley. We went through the city of Tiberias again. It reminds me somewhat of the stereo type I set up in my own mind as to what a large Arab city would look like. Before we went to Tiberias, we passed by the Mekoroth project, whereby the waters of part of the swamp and neighboring springs and part of the Jordan is diverted by letting it pass through a mountain.

After this we went up the "Yavniel Road" to get a full view of the Jordan Valley. Then again down - down - down - down we went into the valley itself. Once you're there, it's like a really tropical country. It's

about (or at least) ten degrees warmer down here. Bananas and pineapples grow here, especially bananas.

On to Kinnereth!!! We continue!!! With the air heavy with the smell of some flower (wild) that smells like raspberry flavoring.

Our first stop was at Dagania Aleph. We stayed there only long enough to eat lunch at their park, to see the tank that was stopped by a Molotov cocktail right inside their gates. We left, keeping in mind that we would be back to see the museum of Natural History in honor of A.D. Gordon. Next stop! Afikim. This is the type of kibbutz, that if you ever had a stereo type of kibbutz (roughing it, working hard, poor food, no comforts, etc.) you drop it down the drain after seeing it. First of all, they own their own plywood factory which is large enough to ship approximately fifty per-cent of their produce abroad. Secondly they have twenty-five trucks of their own (gigantic ones, too). As you start wandering around the place, you see beautiful two story concrete housing surrounded by nice lawns and shrubbery. Even the very poorest housing (for those who came last into the meshek) live in stone houses. They're building a tremendous gymnasium now, with murals on the walls and they have a large swimming pool. Their policy seems to be, if you do something, do it big. Afterward, we went to Sefen. This is a cooperative factory from many kibbutzim for making masonite. In size it is approximately the same size as Hoffman Beverages in New York, but for Israel and for kibbutzim, it's like General Motors. They have tremendous presses and rollers and vats. The most impressive sight was this tremendous vat which takes up about a floor and a half. Leading to it is a trolley which brings the shavings to the vat, and then everything goes around.

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Joseph Meyerowitz from Chicago, a student at the Machon, here describes a tour of the Negev he participated in.

The second day of our hike we learned about one water problem in the Negev. We went to Revivim and saw how they have made water gates over the nearby wadi, which is flooded with mountain water. About three times a year they divert this water into an enormous dam and grow their gardens and live on that water. Revivim was very much under attack by the Egyptians during the war of liberation. We saw the caves where they lived throughout that period. Then we went further into the hills of the Negev and saw a general reservoir. Wow!!! We were at the pumping stations where water from the sea is pumped in land to irrigate the Negev. Each day more ways of getting water are being found. Israel has water and land; it needs farmers to use them.

We also saw Subeta the "Pompei" of Israel, an entire Roman town unearthed, churches, apartments, baths, the works. All along the road arab women with flocks of black sheep and one white one could be seen. Both days we spent the nights in Ber Sheba, a real "Wild West" frontier town. The third day we saw more antiquities but this time statues, etc. We were also in Migdal-Ashkelon, the ancient harbor of Israel. You stand on the hills and you can just imagine ships from all over the world pulling into this harbor with the white sands and palm trees waving in the breeze and the camel paths right down to the water. To finish the day, we went to Negba, the kibbutz that stopped the Egyptians and we heard their story and payed homage to their dead in the special memorial.

DETROIT WORKSHOP PARENTS MEET

A meeting of the parents of Workshoppers from Detroit was recently held at the home of Mrs. Bella Goldberg, mother of Louise Goldberg, now at Geva. Parents came equipped with letters from their children, and read them to the group, thus bringing one another up-to-date on news from Israel. Sam Flam, a graduate of the Second Workshop, showed the parents technicolor slides of Israel. At the end of the meeting, the parents collected money to send a certificate for Barton's candy to the Workshoppers in Israel, to give a sweet flavor to their Chanuka celebration.

The next meeting of the group is scheduled for December 12th at the home of Mrs. Anne Appel.

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SARA LEDERMAN RETURNING FROM ISRAEL

Miss Sara Lederman, who accompanied the Workshop group on its trip to Israel, is returning to the United States at the beginning of December. Shortly after her arrival, a meeting will be held with the New York Workshoppers' parents at which Miss Lederman will report on her experiences and on the Workshop groups.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

Write-ups of the Third Workshop's departure were carried by many newspapers throughout the United States and Canada...Two Workshoppers now in Israel were interviewed by Estelle Sternberger in her radio program on New York's WLIB, shortly before their departure for Israel...Malka Genderson MacLas recently returned to Israel, to settle at Kvutzat Urim. A graduate of the Second Workshop, she is the fifth Workshop graduate to settle in Israel. She hails from Washington, D. C....Thirty-two graduates of the First and Second Workshops are now members of the Garin Gimel.

We would like to thank all parents who have made letters available to us for this newsletter. We invite letters from parents and friends, - letters from Workshoppers which will be of interest to all who want to know more about the Workshop. All letters will be returned within a few days after they are received.

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N E W S L E T T E R

Third Workshop, #3

December 27, 1953

TOURS

For three days we've been travelling up and down Israel by truck and we covered all of the Galil Elyon and Lower Galil. Israel is a tiny country but there's so much to see. As we rode along, all of history from Biblical times to the War of Independence was evident in every structure that lay in our path, and so the truck rumbled along the mountain trails of the Galil Elyon, the whole panorama of the Lower Galil, so far below us, unfolded - the rocky terrains, the green fields, the meshekim, the mountains.

We rose at 5:00 on Sunday morning and as I stepped outside, I gazed at the beautiful sky with all the stars out. A half hour later as I went up to the Chadar Ha-Ochel to eat, the stars were gone and there was a pink sky and early morning. We rode from Geva through the valley of Beit Shan with its ancient ruins of Romans and Greek civilization and its stratas of city on city. It's one of the places that the Jews never left. It was held by the Canaanites when the Jews captured it from them. We rode through the Emek Hayarden to Tiberias where we parked ourselves by the Yam Kinneret to wait for our other half from Kfar Blum to arrive. When we met, there was so much embracing and hand-shaking. We gabbed and gabbed. We took a small sight-seeing boat across the Kinneret to Kfar Nachum from Tiberias which we didn't actually get to see. All we caught were some glimpses of a very old city that looks somewhat like Jerusalem. At Kfar Nachum we visited a second century Israeli synagogue (the remains of it). It covered a very large area. The temple faced the south, towards Jerusalem. All around lay columns with pictures of clusters of grapes and the Jewish star engraved into them. Parts of the building were restored as the original is supposed to have stood. In the vicinity we visited a Franciscan monastery, a tremendous, awe-inspiring building. We browsed around and then took the boat to Ein Gev which we just rode through. We wanted very much to walk around and see the place but Kfar Blum had already been there and seen their full. So we rode straight to Dagania Alef, the oldest Kibbutz in Israel. You can tell that it's very old by the beautiful, individual houses, the apartment buildings that had gone up, the park with flowers everywhere and the expansiveness of the kibbutz. It was interesting to see the very old carpentry shop and laundry in large Arab-like houses and the modern apartment buildings, like you would see in Tel Aviv. There we saw the museum and library of A. D. Gordon, one of the founders of the kibbutz. There was a room with his writing paper, writing desk, membership cards and others of his belongings.

Here in Degania we ate lunch, and then rode to Nazareth. What a beautiful

city! The buildings are very old and very interesting. There we saw the Church of Ascension and we were shown the cave in which Jesus was born.

From Nazareth we went to Gesher Haziv where we stayed the night. It's a very young kibbutz, only five years old, but it's done all right for itself. When we entered the kibbutz, all we could see was sand. Wherever we walked, sand. And then we were shown their beautiful orchards and I don't understand how they got anything to grow on it. Near the orchards are the citrus groves planted by the Arabs and left by them when they fled the area. Most of these the settlers had to destroy because of an insufficient system of irrigation. The Arabs had used only primitive wells which weren't good enough. The Kibbutz is American, founded by the first group of Habonim who went to live in Israel. In the yards of the houses lay all kinds of American knick-knacks for the children - swings, sand, pool and other things no other kibbutz has.

In the morning, Monday morning, November 16, we went straight to where we climbed and inspected from top to bottom the ruins of an ancient Crusader's Castle. Imagine, dating from so far back. I took two pictures of it. Then we drove to Rosh Hanikra - the border between Lebanon and Israel. We stood on neutral ground and saw the now deserted customs house. We were forbidden though to use our cameras.

Nahariya was our next stop. After all the farmland we had passed, it was so pleasant to see a village with streets and stores and bicycles in the streets. But the place I enjoyed the most was our visit, immediately after Nahariya, to Peki'in where the Druzim live. The houses are built high and low because the ground is very hilly and I've never seen houses colored as these were. They seem to have a love for bright colors - yellow doors and variously-colored brick houses. The town is very picturesque - each house looks like a temple. But in the narrow streets is mud everywhere and a special road for the animals to walk on. And do you know what I saw in the street? - a camel. Before we could take pictures of him though, a boy led him away. We also saw donkeys and horses in the middle of the streets. The village is pretty poor though. Arab kids in tatters and patches ran barefoot everywhere and from what we saw of the houses through the windows, they're like caves. We visited the only Jewish synagogue there and an old, old Rabbi told us in a Hebrew that sounded more like Arabic, something about it and pointed out two decorated blocks from a third century synagogue that were set into the wall. It was terrific just to walk around there. The girls carried baskets which they tried to sell us and when we tried to take pictures of them they ran away. We found out that the Druzes have a superstition about taking pictures and are afraid of them. Even the children's clothes were beautiful in their contrast of colors - black and red, or green and blue and red. I still remember one house all the way up on a hill without steps leading down and I wondered how they got down each morning. It's a picturesque village but very poorly kept and very dirty.

Next we went to Tsfat. What an old city! I was dying to walk through and take in everything. From what I saw, it was hit pretty hard during the war - so many bombed-out buildings. It's the same in the farms. Destruction everywhere. Every few feet along the way are reminders of the war.

I'll just mention the last few places we took in. We stayed the night in Yiftach, a five year old Mapai Kibbutz near the border. As might be expected, they have now and then skirmishes with the Arabs who try to harvest their crops. We stood in the graveyard of Kfar Giladi near Tel Chai, in front of Trumpeldor's grave and the monument of the lion erected in his honor and heard about his part in the fight against the Arabs. Lastly, we entered Dan, a very spacious Kibbutz and just relaxed near the orchards in a beautiful little

forest-like region. We saw the Dan, one of the sources of the Jordan river. That was our three day tour.

FROM A LETTER OF ESTHER BRANDWEIN TO HER PARENTS IN NEW YORK

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November 17, 1953

I just got back from a three day tiyul which started Sunday. It was sponsored by the Jewish Agency and we went together with our kids at Geva. We went in two trucks all around the Galil and it was very interesting.

.....After this we went to Yehiam where they have an old castle from the Crusaders' time. We went roaming and climbing all around and we really had a great time. We also went to Pekiin, an all Arab town practically. This town has however three Jewish families whose ancestors never left the country or the town since the destruction of the Second Temple. We saw an old synagogue which had two interesting stones from the original synagogue which was supposed to exist during the time of Rabbi Shimon Bar Yochin and supposed to be from the Second Temple, the Rabbi brought them to the Temple. The stones are imbedded sideways, - one has a menorah and shofar engraved in it. There was also a Safer Torah from around 100 years ago and it was written with a special ink on goatskin, an Old Jew was in the Synagogue who told us about it.

FROM A LETTER OF LEAH POLLACK (KFAR BLUM) TO HER PARENTS

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November 18, 1953

Today for the first time, in late afternoon, it stopped raining and it cleared and the sun came out. We saw Mt. Hermon for the first time in days. It is exquisite. Within four days, practically the entire mountain is covered with snow and ice and for a second time, it was encompassed by a rainbow which had its start in Kfar Blum right near our house.

We've acquired a radio and a phonograph for our library. It really looks nice now. I've painted the cloth provided with some polish and we've used it as bed spreads. We have two lamps, tables and chairs, and decorated walls.

FROM A LETTER OF ANNABELLE SIMON (KFAR BLUM) TO HER PARENTS IN NEW YORK

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LIFE IN KIBBUTZ

Kfar Blum is quite large and I like it very much. All the kids live in two houses and I am in a room with three other girls, Debby Kallen and Hadassah

Knobler from New York and Eve Vernon from Toronto. It is a nice room and there is room for me to put away a sufficient amount of clothes in the closet and on shelves. Last night when we came in we had supper, a short meeting, and then we went to bed. This morning we had another longer meeting, time to clean up, and then after lunch took a short tiyul over a portion of the meshek.

After supper and trying to talk to the kids in Hebrew, we had a movie, "That's My Boy", and American movie with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis which wasn't bad. I was sitting next to a real cute Moroccan guy, and boy did we have fun trying to understand each other because since the movie was in English I tried to explain part to him but I'm afraid that I didn't succeed very well. On the side of the picture there is a Hebrew translation.

.....Every night of Chanuka is going to be some sort of program. Tonight they're having rehearsals for tomorrow's program. Saturday I don't know what's going to be and Sunday a four piece orchestra is giving a concert.

Last Saturday, we took a tiyul to Golan and Lehavoth which was very nice. We walked about ten miles carrying back packs. At Golan which is near the border we climbed to the top of a high foothill and were standing right next to the Syrian border. I threw a stone across and some kids took a walk into Syria - but don't worry, cause there really wasn't an Arab in sight and that part of the border isn't being attacked by Arabs.

FROM A LETTER OF LEAH POLLACK TO HER PARENTS IN CHICAGO

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Like a hurricane, we are now in the calm before the main part of the storm. It has been clear for three whole days and the nicest part of the whole thing was that it was nice for Shabbat.

Yesterday, I worked in the Gan Yerek, picking tomatoes, carrots and cabbages and so in our room we had raw carrots and cabbages, since whoever works in the fields can take back whatever you want.

Today being Shabbat, we all slept late. We got dressed and lounged down to the Hadar Ochel and ate a very good lunch - fried fish, potatoes with onions and beets and grapefruit. We invited our madrich to tea and invited his whole family, so we took ten grapefruits and two loaves of bread from the dining room. I decided to become industrious and I made candy out of grapefruit rinds (by frying them in melted sugar) - boy, did they turn out good. We then made an open salad (i.e. in decoration form) from the carrots, cabbage and grapefruits and mandorinas (like tangerines) which the girls went out to pick. We also served bread, margarine and tea. We made the most primitive pieces of toast that you have ever seen, by merely holding the bread over an open fire - but it tastes good anyway.

Tonight there was a rehearsal of the choir from Kfar Blum for their Tenth Anniversary program which they're giving on Chanuka. I decided to join and I'm learning a beautiful song.

FROM A LETTER FROM ANNABELLE SIMON TO HER PARENTS

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To the left:

(1 to r) Phyllis Mazur, Cooky London, Zvi Hecker, Faygel Bograd, Mel Albaum, Isa Rubel, Joe Colodner

*Workshoppers
at*

Geva



Above:

(1 to r) Ancil Zeitak, Tex Guterman, Avi Koenigsberg, Bernice Varjick, Euch Parness, Audrey Parker, Joe Colodner, Aliyah Moinester



To the left:

(1 to r) Leon Levine, Tex Guterman, Audrey Parker, Shirley Footerman, Phyllis Mazur, Joe Colodner, Chana Eisler, Aliyah Moinester, Weasel Goldberg, Gladys Rock, Bev Somberg, (not identified), Shirley Reitelman

Geva, Nov. 1953

pictures by Sara Faerman

YOUNG ADULTS' WORKSHOP AT GESHER HAZIV; SOUND AND HAPPY

The Workshop office has received a number of letters from the participants of the Young Adults' Workshop. They write happy, contented letters, indicating their enthusiasm as far as their experiences in Israel are concerned.

The Young Adults' Workshop is a program for persons between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. It is run on lines similar to the Youth Workshop program, although certain changes are made to meet the needs of older people.

During November, the participants of the Young Adults' Workshop moved from Kfar Blum to Gesher Haziv, a kibbutz in North Western Israel, near the Mediterranean. Gesher Haziv is one of the kibbutzim founded by American Habonim.

Another group of Young Adult Workshopers will be sent to Israel next year. The next issue of the Newsletter will contain full information about registration. Registration for the 4th Youth Workshop will open February 1, 1954.

SARA LEDERMAN, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE WORKSHOP TO ISRAEL, REPORTS ON GROUP'S ADJUSTMENT TO ISRAEL

Sara Lederman, a social worker and a chavera of the Labor Zionist Organization who accompanied the Workshop group on its trip to Israel, returned to the United States at the beginning of December. Immediately upon her return, she participated in a number of meetings with the Habonim Executive Committee (Mazkirut), the CHAY Commission, and the Workshop Administration about the trip and the subsequent adjustment of the Workshop in Israel.

She told of the successful acclimatization of the Workshop participants to their new surroundings and their new responsibilities. She feels confident that the present group will accomplish a great deal while in Israel.

PARENTS IN DETROIT

The Workshop Parents Group of Detroit is going from strength to strength, as the second meeting of the group on Saturday, December 12th was a success. Most of the parents were down, gossip was exchanged about the children (including who is going with whom) and letters were read out, dealing especially with potatoes and tiyulim. Again we thank Mrs. Goldberg, the mother of Weasle Goldberg, for acting as hostess and Mr. Goldberg as technician; a recording of messages was again made, to be sent the following day by air-mail to Israel. Another Bartons gift certificate was forwarded to sweeten the holidays of the Workshopers. In general the atmosphere was very pleasant and many parents are enjoying the friendship of others whom they little knew previously. The next meeting is in a month's time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Zeitak, the parents of Ancil Zeitak.

FORMER WORKSHOP INSTRUCTOR KILLED BY ARAB MARAUDERS

Yaakov Tuchman ("Tumi"), a member of Kibbutz Nahal-Oz, and a former instructor of the Second Workshop during the Scouting Seminar in which they participated, was killed recently by Arab marauders in the vicinity of his Kibbutz. We are sure that this tragic news will be a shock to all those who knew him.

The Workshop office is opening a fund in his memory. We suggest that his former students contribute to it. With the money thus collected, books, - or another suitable gift, - will be purchased and presented to his kibbutz in his memory on behalf of the Second Workshop.

Youth Workshop in Israel

conducted by HABONIM, LABOR ZIONIST YOUTH
in cooperation with the HISTADRUT

45 East 17 Street
New York 3, N. Y.
GRamercy 7-5663

N E W S L E T T E R

Third Workshop #4

February 5, 1954

RACHEL YANAIT BEN-ZVI, ISRAEL'S FIRST LADY, VISITS YOUTH WORKSHOP

On January 5th, 1954, while they were at Kfar Vitkin, the participants of the Youth Workshop were visited by Rachel Yanait Ben-Zvi, wife of Israel's President. She was accompanied on this visit by Bert Goldstein, of Pioneer Women and of the CHAY Commission, who was in Israel in connection with the Actions Committee meeting.

Chavera Ben-Zvi addressed the group, and was in turn greeted by the Workshopppers, whose spokesman was Ruth Brown of Albany, New York.

Bert Goldstein has in the meantime returned from Israel, and has reported to the CHAY Commission and to Habonim on her impressions of the Workshop. All the participants are well, and the program is very successful.

RAIN

"And the windows of the heavens were opened," is what is written in the Torah, and if you were here you would understand why. The rain comes down hard, heavy and consistent. This rain, when I begin to think about it, is different from any other I have ever witnessed. This downpour is in Israel, on Jewish soil; moreover, it's the Yoram, the first rain....

".....I have worked here at Geva more than a month now, and the other day I asked myself how has my work effected me physically. I therefore turned to my hands, for it has been with them that I've worked almost every job. I looked at them and examined them closely. I saw worker's hands. They are blistered and there are signs of blisters that have disappeared. The skin in the palm of my hands is tough and every finger seems to be marred in some way. That is to say that every finger of my hands has either a scratch, sore, cut or scab. There is also some dirt ingrained into my hands, into the very pores of my skin. The dirt is Israel's soil in my hands and I take it to mean that the soil has become a part of me. I can't wash it off. It sticks to me; it has become an integral part of me and I'm happy about it. I used to say "I love Israel and her land!" Now I show them my seasoned hands and tell them, those that ask me how I got them working in Israel, working her soil -- and I should continue to "scar" them. I welcome the sores, more so the dirt and shudder to you tell them of it with a complimentary motto in your voice. No, sir, I tell them I got it carrying 120 lbs. potato sacks on my shoulders with a smile on my face. For I know those potatoes which were seed potatoes, could feed Israel's people, my brothers.".....

FROM A LETTER FROM ZVI HECKER TO HIS PARENTS IN BROOKLYN

NEW YEAR'S PARTY

Our New Year's Eve party was quite a success. I made Chinese lanterns and put colored cellophane over them, and put them over the bare light-bulbs. I had two girls work with me and together we finished the curtains. On the walls I had splashes of design and color (to give the effect of this Parisian artist's cafe) as I think I mentioned before, we put the piano on an angle, arranged the chairs against the wall and placed tables (small chairs) and candles in front of them. It really looked nice.

It took a great deal of scrimping and scrounging to get supplies for it and twice I took time off from work to get them. We had called the affair for 10:00 P. M. and by about 9:45 all the decorations were done, all the food had been set up and people were getting prepared. I was the last one to finish up since it was up to me to see that everything was in order. We were doing popular dancing, were eating, and eating some more (15 cakes, at least 500 hors d'oeuvres, 15 bottles of wine and lots of beer.

A LETTER FROM ANNABELLE SIMON TO HER PARENTS IN THE BRONX

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KFAR VITKIN

I am writing now from Kfar Vitkin where we've been for six days. We were told it's one of the most prosperous of moshavim (30 years old) but I'm still surprised to find it so luxurious. There are over a thousand people living on the Kfar. I'm staying with the Charubis. They have one son but right now he is living in Nadial and I occupy his room. It's been practically a holiday for me here. There just isn't that much work to do and most of the day I'm reading or walking or writing in my diary. I do a few little odd jobs - collecting and cleaning the eggs, bringing the milk to the milkhouse where the impurities are removed, buying food for the house. But all in all, it's about two hours "work" a day.

Yesterday, for the first time, I was out in the fields throwing fertilizer on the rows of cowfeed. After five days of loafing, I didn't mind expending some energy. I've been treated as a guest here. Once I went with Chaim to the granary where he loads his wagon with sacks of feed needed for his cattle and chickens. And who do you think rode the wagon there? - Me! "Eeesh" means stop and "Dio" means go. I love the feel of swaying with the wagon back and forth over the bumpy roads, especially when it's evening, a cool wind blowing and the stars out.

While we've been here, two people have come to visit our group. One - Rabbi Heller, president of the LZOA, and, second, the president's wife, Mrs. Ben-Zvi. Ahem! I'll have you know that your daughter shook the president's wife's hand. But then, so did we all. We discussed with her our impressions of Israel and Kibbutz life.....What we found good, what we thought not so good, and whether we think we could live on a kibbutz here. She said she realizes that not everyone is fitted for that type of life. She welcomed us saying she was very glad to see us but sad to see so few of us. She's such a warm person. After she spoke I felt a kinship with Jews all over the world and a feeling of closeness with Israel, that maybe this was the place for me after all.

A LETTER FROM ESTHER BRANDWEIN TO HER PARENTS IN BROOKLYN

January 3, 1954

I was taken to the family where I am going to stay and they gave me lunch. Their name is Shofet and they have a 19-year-old daughter who is studying to be a teacher. They have a large family in the Bronx. They have a lovely house which is larger than ours. They have a living room, two bedrooms, a dining room, a kitchen and a sewing room - plus a porch. I have had very little difficulty speaking to them so far, - of course they are very basic questions.

The first day was very tiring and I went to bed at 8:30 P. M. I arose the next day at 7:45 (much to my embarrassment) asked what there was to do. She said "nothing." Finally after prodding her and giving her subtle hints like washing dishes and sweeping floors, she got my point and sent me to hard work - sewing curtains (just what I had left in Kfar Blum). Afterwards I gave her a lesson in English and she gave me one in Hebrew. In the late afternoon, I went out and gathered eggs (incidentally, I got hen-pecked!) and let the cows out to drink water.

FROM A LETTER FROM ANNABELLE SIMON TO HER PARENTS

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This morning we went on a hike to a fishing "moshav" called "Michmoret". It's along the Mediterranean ocean and they're building a port to dock their ships there. Right now their ships are docked in Tel Aviv or Haifa and it's quite hard for them to run back and forth. But it's really beautiful by the sea. The water is so lovely and it looks so beautiful with all the waves. As we were walking along the beach we were able to see all kinds of very nice stones in all different shapes. I picked up some and you'll be able to see how nice it really is.

Right next to Kfar Vitkin is a settlement of Americans called "Herut Bet." It's about 21 years old and most of the people are Americans. You should see the place. It's just like America. They call it "Little America" here. Their houses are beautiful, and are very modern. The main street of the place is all lined with beautiful trees that are there only for the purpose of giving shade, or of looking beautiful. That's very rare in Israel because trees here are important and every available piece of land that is used for planting trees is used for either fruit trees, olive trees, etc., or for some specific purpose. Anyway the whole thing looks like a wealthy neighborhood in the United States.

A LETTER FROM ISOLDE RUBEL TO HER PARENTS IN DETROIT

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This is a moshav. A basic difference between a moshav and a kibbutz is that people in a moshav live privately in houses which they build for themselves. They also have chickens and a small barn and grounds around their houses, including fruit trees. This everyone has. And they all have three dunams for personal use. They have fields which they work. All their produce goes to Tnuva, - a marketing cooperative,

as does the kibbutz's. The money is handled through the meshek but each person gets as much as he worked for. Therefore some people can have more money and better houses than others. They can do whatever they wish with their money. They have a cooperative bakery, and a cooperative store and a place to make food for the chickens, cows, etc. They also have a communal hatchery for chickens. This sketch is pretty scant as I couldn't see and understand everything as I've only been here a few hours. We all live with private families, and work with them, so that I expect to write often and relate all I learn here, as it is all new to me. The house I live in has a small kitchen, a living room with a dining room table, a couch which opens to sleep and the oldest girls sleep there, a radio, and a Philco refrigerator. The grandfather sleeps in another room. And I think there is one more room. In the back of the house are around five cows and a couple of calves and a horse, a chicken house, some empty fallow ground and fruit trees.

FROM HADASSAH KNOBLER TO HER PARENTS IN BROOKLYN

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BET BERL

We were told before we came to Bet Berl that it is a very fine institution and very lovely according to Israel standards. The sabras from Kfar Vitkin, who had been there raved about its beauty. I expected something nice, - but what a shock I got. What a place. We got off our tender and were faced with lovely large lawns in front of us. They are well cared for and then we saw a long one storied building with a red roof.. We entered a long corridor which was lovely and immaculate. The rooms are all on this corridor (this is just the section we live in, there are others) and each are separate units. In our unit there is a lounge complete with easy chairs and radio. There are around five rooms and at the end of the section there is a lavatory and shower section. The corridor has windows facing every door, and it must be lovely and airy in the summer with the large windows. The rooms have the windows open into a garden, which can be entered at the end of the corridor. The garden is a terraced garden with yellow brown stones forming the terraces. Most of the plants are not in bloom, but you have the green shrubbery and many types of exotic plants with a few flowers.

In our room we have four beds, a large window, which looks out into a lawn and is like the one I explained, and there is another girl's section. There are 4-5 such sections. Our rooms are just large enough for our beds, and a desk. We have a lovely large, closet with ample room for all our clothes. It is a pleasure being able to hang things up and put things away as in my house in Kfar Vitkin we had no extra room so I lived out of my suitcase.

We have three lectures a day around 2-3 hours. We have a gorgeous building for a library. The outside is curved a little and it looks like a miniature U. N. building. It has books in English as well as Hebrew, and has a very fine collection. It also has all the periodicals. It is a beautiful structure, modern and efficient and perfect in every last detail. I find I am quite inadequate to describe it all. Last night we had dancing and we saw another gorgeous building.

We were in a classroom, whose doors were sliding. It had two sides of windows, as everything here, and in Israel as well, is designed to get the most benefit of the long summers light for their homes, schools and factories. They had venetian blinds and new seats. Everything here is so new, and clean looking. It is strange after living on agricultural settlements. We had a teacher and we learned a few new dances. Our food is served in an equally beautifully clean and beautiful chadar Ha Ochel. All the furniture is modern here, but not so extremely modern that it looks uncomfortable. The chadar seats over 150 in six man tables. Meals are a perfect delight. Here, every day we have a surprise. We have had meat almost every day. I think that every day we have had an egg, we have also ready made delicious salads. We've had halvah, some sort of peanut butter and figs.

There are many lawns, and in front of the whole system of buildings is an orange orchard which we frequent in our breaks, for aruchat arbah.

The first day we had a sicha on economics and one by Berl Locker. The next day we had a word battle with an evasive politician from the General Zionists, who told us relatively little about his party.

Tuesday we packed like sardines into trucks and went to the railway station. While waiting there we danced in the station, - we had with us a group of South Africans who are taking the same course as we are, and they were there, too. The ride was nice as the area is very green, and pretty flat with mountains in the background. We got off at Hartuv, named after an old town. There they have a ma'bara with the name of Bet Shemesh which will be the name of a town to be built there. The hill thereby that name is famous, as the Philistines were there. On one of the mounds is an old Arab monestary. Further down from the hill is a Yeminite moshav - and then the 2-3 year old Habonim kibbutz - settled with Tel Aviv Tnu'a kids with South Africans. It is a barren place of trees. We came there on this Tu B'shvat to help participate in the planting ceremonies of World Habonim Forest. We were shown around the kibbutz and participated in the planting, and every country represented which has a Habonim got tree certificates. We then had our makhela performance as did two Israeli groups. We returned by train again, in time for a luscious meal, and then danced till 11:30.

FROM HADASSAH KNOBLER TO HER PARENTS IN BROOKLYN

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I want to tell you something of our lectures and schedule. We get up at 7:00 and go straight to breakfast which is 7:30. Our first lecture is anywhere from 9:00 to 10:30 depending on what time the speaker is able to arrive here. The lecture itself lasts from 2-4 hours, depending on the interest aroused and the number of questions asked after the lecture. At 1:30 is lunch and at 3:00 is our second lecture of the day. At 4:00 we take a break for tea (and bread and jam) and then back again for the rest of the lecture. At 7:00 is supper, immediately after which (8:00) is our third and last lecture. When it ends, I go back to my room and read or write for half an hour. We're all asleep by 11:00. So far the lecturers have been interesting. We've had lecturers representing three parties in Israel today, - Mapai, General Zionists

and Progressive. We've heard about Israel's defense problems and economic tzuris, her minorities, the history of her immigration, her foreign policy and more. We've taking in pill form here what years of learning wouldn't do justice to, but still I'm learning a lot about Israel's problems in all her phases at the present time.

.....It's really lovely here now. I'm lying on the grass under a clear, blue sky with trees and flowers all around with an hour to myself before our next lecture. Yesterday, I had a good time. The sixty of us, and the 20 South African kids went to visit the many various institutions of the Histadrut. We traveled in a luxurious bus to Beilinson hospital of Kupat Cholim, the largest hospital in this part of the world. Some of the other places we also visited were the Ha-Argaz cooperative (we saw the bus parts being produced), its affiliated AMCOR (producing frigidaires), a vocational trade school and a worker's town, Holon, our tour through the town including a Pioneer Women nursery and Home for the Aged, and an I. L. G. W. U. house. Then, at 1:30, we found ourselves at the Zionist Organization of America house where we stayed for a sumptuous meal. Is that place ever ritzy - murals, panels, ivory walls, pillars, huge rooms and the most modern architecture, all giving an impression of the most awe-inspiring splendor.

Then, after lunch, we went very quickly to the Worker's College of the Cultural Dep't. of the Histadrut, Histadrut's cultural center for workers, and finally to the Histadrut House where we were received by Bar Yaakov of the Foreign Relations Dep't. who lectured us on the Histadrut. After this last activity (it was then 5:30) we were free till a quarter to 8 that evening when we had to return to the Chamber Theatre for a play I'm pretty familiar with by now from TV - "Pygmalion. There was a very large crowd as the play got very good reviews.

FROM A LETTER FROM ESTHER BRANDWEIN TO HER FAMILY IN BROOKLYN

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RETURN OF WORKSHOP SET FOR JUNE

Arrangements for the return of the group have been completed. The Workshoppers will leave Israel aboard the S/S Negbah of June 2nd. They will arrive on June 6 in Naples, and will spend the night there. They will embark the next morning aboard the S/S Independence, and will reach New York on June 16. After their arrival, they will have a three day seminar in New York, after which they will return home.

Parents will, in due time, receive more detailed information on the Workshoppers' return.

REGISTRATION FOR FOURTH WORKSHOP OPENS

Registration for the Fourth Workshop opened at the end of January, when request forms for the application material were mailed out to those on the Workshop list. The first two to return their request for application forms were Sharoni Berger, from Brooklyn, New York, and Ruth Mandelbaum, from Jackson Heights, New York. Applications will be mailed out the second week in February.

Registration information for the Young Adults' Workshop's second group will be sent out shortly.

WORKSHOP COMMITTEES SET UP IN LOCAL COMMUNITIES

Workshop Committees are being set up in various cities in the U. S. and Canada, in order to provide their assistance in the screening and guidance of local Workshop applicants. Committees nearly fully set up include those of Detroit, Chicago, and Vancouver. Other committees are being set up in Baltimore, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg.

Henceforth, applicants from these cities and surrounding communities will be interviewed by the Committee in the respective city. The Committee is made up of qualified members of the Labor Zionist Movement, who bring to the Committee not only their Zionist background but, in some cases, also their professional skills.

The Central Workshop Committee in New York already has been set up. It includes representatives of Habonim and of the Workshop Administration, as well as Sara Lederman and Lou Schneider, representing the CHAY Commission and Akiva Skidell, a member of Kfar Blum now director of the Youth Department of the Jewish Agency, and Mrs. Shulamit Halkin.

YOUNG ADULTS' WORKSHOP SET FOR SEPTEMBER

The Second Young Adults' Workshop will leave for Israel this coming September. The program is sponsored by the CHAY Commission, the IZOA - Peale Zion, and by Hashavim, Labor Zionist Aliya Group.

Open to those in the ages of 21-35, the program will run for six months. It will thus be shorter and more concentrated than that of the Youth Workshop. The educational part of the program will be adapted to the needs of young adults. At the end of six months, it will be possible for participants to remain additional time in Israel.

Those on the Young Adults' Workshop mailing list will shortly receive more detailed information.

At two meetings held in New York during the past three weeks the nature and program of the Young Adults' Workshop was discussed and planned. Attending the meetings were Sara Lederman, Zvi Seifer, Meshulam Keret, Sam Marcus, Chana Fleshler, Edith Kreppel, Lou Schneider, David Breslau, and Avraham Hirsch.

PARENTS OF NEW YORK WORKSHOPPERS HAVE MEETING; TAPE RECORD GREETINGS

On the evening of February 3, 1954, a meeting was held at the Bet Histadrut of the parents of the New York Workshopppers. They heard a long report by Sara Lederman. At the end of the evening parents tape recorded greetings to their children on a machine belonging to Mr. Joseph Kallen, father of Debby Kallen who is at Kfar Blum. The greetings have been air-mailed to Israel.

Mr. Rozansky, father of Fran Rozansky, and Mr. Kallen will organize another parents meeting in March.

45 EAST 17th STREET
NEW YORK 3, NEW YORK

N E W S L E T T E R

Third Workshop #5

March 15, 1954

WORLD HABONIM FOREST PLANTING

The ceremonies started at 2:00 P. M. with the commemoration. By that time, everyone (that included members of Hatenua Hameuchedeth from Tel Aviv, Haifa, Jerusalem, Petach Tikva, South Africa, Holland, Australia, U. S., and Canada (650 in all) had gathered in a square.

Scrolls were presented to different groups of World Habonim and afterwards representatives from each section of the movement participated in the planting of the first trees. Afterwards we sang the anthems and then went down a little way, where they had cleared and flattened an area. Our choir sang, a playlet was given and a story in dance was presented. By this time, the sun wasn't shining and the weather was getting cooler. We all then climbed down, - you should have seen it, - a mass of blue skirts all the way from the top to the bottom of this range.

We then walked while singing and talking - to the station - then like panicky ants, we pushed onto the train. Home again - and a delightful "Bet Berl" supper. (Their meals are delicious!)

FROM A LETTER FROM ANNABELLE SIMON TO HER PARENTS IN BRONX

TRIP TO HAIFA AND JERUSALEM

We left Kfar Blum early Sunday morning, - got up at 5 A.M., - and got to Haifa at around 9. There we went to the Municipality where we had tea and cake - and started our tour of the city. First we went to two factories, Vulcan the name of one and Phoenicia, a glass factory. They were both interesting - saw them making bathtubs and blowing glass and making bottles. Then we went to eat in a lunch-room that they have for school children - delicious meal - then on for a drive around Mt. Carmel which was lovely. We went to two parks, saw the view and also went outside of the Bahai Temple which is one of the most impressive buildings that I've ever seen. It's surrounded by lovely gardens and is white with a big gold dome. I'm going to try to see the inside on my chofesh. At about 3:00 we finished the tour and went to the train station to catch the train for Jerusalem at 4:30. We were given about 45 minutes to go off, on our own but I didn't do anything except take a walk.

On the train I sat in between two nice guys, (Monty Mazo from Kfar Blum and Lazur Blitt from Geva) and we had a grand time. The kids all came around and we were singing and kibbitzing. Most of the way it was dark so we couldn't see much, just hills on either side of us.

In the evening we slept in a hotel called Pension Geiger - Grade A hotel - we have really lovely rooms with three or four in a room and

excellent meals - our beds have light violet blankets that are lovely - plenty of hot water, a radiator in the room and lots of closet space. I live with Ruth Brown and Nicky Davis (Kfar Blum) and Fagel Bograd (Geva).

Next day we went for a tour of the Jerusalem corridor where we saw Herzl's grave and then drove around seeing the settlements. We stopped in a kibbutz settled by the Palmach after the war, - saw the forest of the six million - saw a tree nursery in Eshtaol and passed, among other places, through an Arab village called Abu Gosh.

After lunch we had free time; 3:30 till 8 so Audrey Parker, the girl I'm going on my chofesh with, and I went roaming - we didn't see very much, just shopped around. I bought a real pretty ash-tray, I'll buy more gifts at the end of chofesh cause I don't want to lug them around with me.

In the evening we went to the Sochnut - JNF Buildings where we saw Herzl's Room and pictures about three places in Israel which were very good.

This morning we went touring Jerusalem - saw Rachel's Tomb from a distance, Mt. Zion with a tomb of David, view of the old city and a new part a memorial to the Six Million.

FROM A LETTER FROM LEAH POLLACK TO HER PARENTS

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This morning we went through Jerusalem and could see the wall of the old city. We came to Ramat Rachel. The kibbutz was a strategic place and suffered heavy losses and you can still see a bombed out building. The rest is restored. We stood near this building and a few feet away was the barbed wire - the border. You could see Beth-Lechem, Bethlehem, and a monestary named after prophet Elija. Now this is a strategic Arab military stronghold, as we could not hold it during the war. It was said that if this kibbutz would not have been held - Jerusalem would have fallen. We rode along and by this time it was hailing and we came to King David's tomb. We entered the room where King David is buried. Around his coffin was his seat, and tapestries of his time, and covering for holy books and old silver jugs, and chandeliers and general pieces. We viewed it from a gate and inside was a man praying. I got some holy sand which fell from his coffin. We then went on top of the building - which is on a hill, and is an army installation, and viewed the wall and roof-tops of the old city. We saw the Rock of Omar - a sacred spot to the Arabs, and built on the spot of the Holy of Holies of the temple. Below us still on our soil were old Arab houses - abandoned. Inside the wall we saw the tower called the Citadel of David. So we saw the ancient history of our people. What a way to see Jerusalem, the city Jews have pined for so many years, and hear and be shown the direction of the Wailing Wall to be told that for centuries the Jews prayed for the redemption of the state. Now we have the state and our holy places which served as symbols for the exile are inaccessible to us. In the background we saw Har Tzofim - Mt. Scopus on which we have our University and a Hadassah Hospital. This is in our hands but the road leading to us was lost during the war - as was the old city - so we just have policemen guarding there under the watchful eye of U.N. This is all ancient history - my history - and I have a great feeling for it - for

if it did not exist, I would not be in my position now. But Jerusalem is a modern city as well, with its buses, new housing schemes and modern life. Modern history is present in a form of remains from Germany and our persecutions there.

.....We got up at the unheard of hour of 5:00 - left at 6:00 and arrived in Haifa at 9:00. We saw the sun come up as we were riding along - it was pitch when we got up. We stopped by the port, but we had no time to see the port. We went on and were given tea by the mayor's representatives. Afterwards we went to a foundry, - it was very interesting to see the whole process of making an iron product. We were shown how they make the forms and saw the furnace, and how they poured the steaming liquid into vats, and finally into a form. They were making bath tubs and we saw how they sprayed them, and then put them in a large oven to dry. The best factory was the glass-blowing factory. We watched them blow glass bottles and penicillin bottles which we got as souvenirs. It was warm there too as they blow and shape the glass when its hot. We saw them make little dishes - a very simple process. Also got a souvenir. Afterwards we went to a place where there are new shikunim (housing projects) and ate a good meal. Afterwards we rode up to Har Carmel and saw the beautiful view; you could see the Bahai Temple with its beautiful gardens. The mountain is gorgeous - the temple on the garden on the sides and also leading down the mountain. In the afternoon we went by truck to the railway station, where by the way we met some kids from Noar Hazioni from New York. We got to the Jewish Agency's Machon - an institute for courses of five months' leadership training, - for madrichim and went to their graduation. They had a lovely makhela, rikudim, and a play, all in Hebrew. They also had a madura (campfire) where the kids sang songs from their countries England, Wales, Ireland, France, Spain, Morocco, Mexico, Iran and others. We got to our hotel in Jerusalem. The food is great, - meat every day, eggs too and deserts and cakes, while the latter of which we get every time we go someplace. We got in real late. Next morning - up at 6:00. And we viewed the Jerusalem corridor. Jerusalem is built on a hill, and the whole area is hilly - and the soil is poor - very rocky resulting from erosion. We went to see Herzl's grave. We rode up the windy steep hills. We saw the first Forest - near Maaleh Ha Chamesha and Bet Hakerem. We saw these things from the high place. We then went to a young kibbutz of former Palmach kids - Tzova - around five years old - and a struggling meshek - their ground is rocks - and they have a great deal of difficulty - they have 400 dunams near their meshek - and further down in better ground - more land. They have been adopted by the state of Connecticut, - a scheme where many states "adopt" and help young kibbutzim. They sent one tractor, with which they clear a land of rocks so they can grow things. Next we went to Eshtaul - where the JNF has a tree nursery. They also experiment with new types of trees - like pistachios, almonds, as well as providing new saplings for forests.

FROM A LETTER FROM HADASSAH KNOBLER TO HER PARENTS IN BROOKLYN

We went from this sight to see President Ben Zvi and his wife. His office is in the middle of the street and one would pass it up if it weren't for the flag and guards. In fact it's on the side of the street. There isn't even a gutter in front of it.

President Ben Zvi, gave us a little talk. He stood behind his desk which is a simple affair except for a picture of his son who was killed in the War of Liberation. He was quick and seemed glad to be done with the grind when he left. When he left a Knesset (Parliament) member who just happened to be there at the time gave us a talk also. Then Mrs. Ben Zvi took over. We sat down on the floor all around her and talked in Hebrew about our movement. She spoke about our bringing boys and girls here and even going to school here. She often spoke directly to me as I had left her with a rather nice impression on our last meeting. I argued a little with her but I made it up to her later when I gave her a very nice compliment. When the talk was over I went to her and said in my broken Hebrew. "If all the Noar in America heard you talk they would surely come to Israel". She was so excited she took my head in the palms of her hands and wanted to kiss me,

FROM A LETTER FROM TZVI HECKER TO HIS PARENTS IN BROOKLYN

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BET BERL SEMINAR

Breakfast is at 7:30, and lectures begin at 8:30 or 9:00. Lunch is at 1:00 and the afternoon lectures begin at 3:00. Last night we had a Quiz Program based on music, Yediat Ha'aretz (Geography of Israel, Tanach, the Habonim movement, history, and prominent figures in Zionism. Each section chose two people to represent them. Two from Geva, two from Kfar Blum, two from Gesher Haziv, and two from the South African contingent. Those eight people formed the panel of experts who answered the questions and the rest cheered. Yours truly and one of our boys were the representatives for Gesher Haziv. The South Africans really distinguished themselves. They are extremely well-educated, they had nearly all the answers at their fingertips and they walked off with the highest score. They made the Americans look sick. I won a moral victory when the adjudicator questioned one of my answers and then conceded that I was right. A boy from the back called out, "Gesher Haziv is small but powerful", (our group is the smallest here.)

Friday night's Kabbalat Shabbat was especially nice. First of all the dining room really had an air of Shabbat about it. Vases of flowers on tablecloths, candle-lighting and a short reading from the Bible, and everyone dressed up in Shabbat clothing. That night we danced until 1:00 o'clock and I personally danced more than at any previous time, even though I still don't know the Israeli dances very well. Today's lecture is on Industry and Commerce.

This morning's lecture was very good. It was given by a South African who is head of the Foreign Investors Association here. It is interesting to note how each lecturer looks so much in appearance like the party or interests he represents. For example today's David Dunsky was dressed meticulously in a beautifully cut suit, a woolen vest of rare design, and a lovely tie, all in greys that blended together. He has a factory in Natania and looks every bit the successful manufacturer. He said, (I am referring to my notes) that our output in industry is 25-30% of what is known as the normal productivity in the

U.S. This is mainly due to the lack of skilled technicians in the plants, which he says is because there is no incentive to the workers to urge development of their work techniques.

.....Tomorrow we are going to Tel Aviv. We will see Pygmalion in Ivrit. We will have lunch at the ZOA house.

FROM A LETTER FROM ROSLYN MARK FROM GESHER HAZIV

(Roslyn Mark from Toronto is one of the participants of this year's Young Adults' Workshop. Her article will be of particular interest to those of our readers considering participation in the Young Adults' Workshop next year).

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WORKSHOP PARENTS' MEETINGS

Parents of Detroit Workshoppers recently had a meeting, at which letters from their children were read. The parents also collected money to purchase six JNF trees in the names of their children.

New York Workshoppers' parents are planning a second meeting for Sunday afternoon, March 28, at 2:30 P. M. at the home of the Simons, 1654 Grand Avenue, Bronx.

REGISTRATION PROGRESSING FOR YOUTH WORKSHOP AND FOR YOUNG ADULTS' WORKSHOP.

Registration season is in full swing at the Workshop office. Application forms have been sent out for the Youth Workshop, and will shortly be sent out to Young Adults' Workshop applicants. The first application form returned filled out was that of Tova Amsel of Brooklyn, New York.

After a candidate for the Workshop has been interviewed and accepted, all the technical information on clothing, inoculations, passports, visas, baggage, etc. is sent to him. He is then able to proceed in his personal preparation for the Workshop.